

LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

VOL I.]

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FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

Continued.

THE NARRATIVE OF OMAR.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAP. VI.

Omar is forced to dig.

'I am not disposed to day,' said Omar, 'to keep company with a lady, nevertheless I shall wait for her.' Zemira entered. She had a pretty straw hat on her head, and her stuffed gown was tucked up, that it might not incommode her in working. 'Omar,' said she with a modest frankness, 'my grandfather desires thee to dine with us to-day.' 'Thou wilt have but a silent guest,' said Omar with a deep sigh. 'But thou wilt first help me to dig a couple of flower beds?' 'Most joyfully.' He then followed Zemira into a small garden which she had cultivated with her own hands; and was astonished at the beautiful singularity preserved in it. They began to dig. The sun struck full on Omar's head. And as soon as the first bed was ready, he asked if there was a fresh spring of water at hand. 'Thou must not drink, Omar, till we have finished the second bed.' Thirsty as he was, Omar was obliged to dig on. At length the second bed was finished. Zemira went and fetched some water from the spring, and gave it him to drink. 'Has the water tasted well to thee,' said she with a malicious smile. 'Better than any I ever drank in my life. But I see three fine palm trees, let us go and sit in their shade.' 'Presently Omar; but we will first walk about the garden.' Omar could not conceive what pleasure Zemira could find in walking in the heat of the burning sun; but, that he might

not be uncivil, he walked. She entertained him with relating the history of all the flowers she herself had nurtured. At last, when Omar could scarcely walk through weariness, they went and sat under the palm trees. 'Is the shade pleasant to thee Omar?' 'So much, that I think it a foretaste of the great Prophet's paradise.' 'And dost thou think thou would'st have enjoyed it thus, if thou hadst not been tired?' 'That is impossible.' 'And would the water have tasted so well had I given it thee immediately?' 'By the prophet it could not.' At this moment the grandfather came; sent Zemira home to get dinner ready, and sat down beside Omar. 'Art thou better, young man,' said the hoary sage? 'I am as well at this moment as ever I was in my life. I have fatigued myself, and am enjoying repose.' 'Go on in this manner, and thou wilt soon learn and enjoy. If thou wilt receive instruction thy distemper is curable.' 'But tell me, O Sage! how I may enjoy all things?' 'As thou enjoyest this shade. Mark my word; whoever desires to enjoy, must first abstain. The Eternal has ordained it as a fundamental law. And the greatest voluptuousness is comprehended in this law. Learn to long for a thing, and thou wilt be at ease. Learn to abstain, and thou wilt infallibly enjoy.'

CHAP. VII.

Omar resolves to be happy.

Zemira called them to dinner. They went in and sat down at table. Omar was hungry. The vessels and the table linen were coarse; but exceedingly clean. The dishes were few, but they were adapted to each other. They were wholesome and were seasoned by the conversation of the wise old man and his granddaughter. They rose up; and Omar confessed that he had never been better entertained even at the Calif's. He promised to come and see them pretty often; and he kept his word. Till now Zemira and Omar had seen one another as a friend sees his friend. They had eyed each other freely, had conversed confidentially, and had pressed hands sociably. The old man

observed that Zemira spoke less in Omar's presence; and that Omar cast his eyes on the ground in hers. The sage once left them alone, in an arbour of roses; he immediately fell on his knees before her, seized her hand, and said in a faltering tone of voice: 'Dost thou guess, O Zemira, what I am about to tell thee?' Zemira blushed, ordered him to rise, and let her hand involuntarily lie in his. Omar did not rise till she had confessed to him that she was not angry; he begged and begged a kiss as a proof that he might believe her; but all to no purpose; she remained inflexible. 'Thou givest me pain, Omar,' said she; 'but I dare not grant thy request.' 'And why not?' 'Because I—because I—love thee.' The grandfather at this moment came up to them; and Omar was obliged to break off the conversation with Zemira. 'Would ever any man think a girl would not kiss him because she loved him?' said Omar to himself. They went in to dinner; the conversation fell on indifferent subjects. The sage remarked, that strangers admired the fine walks and parks which the Calif had laid out before the gates of Bagdat; 'for example', continued the old man, 'in that street where thy palace is, I have twice dislocated my leg.' Omar sat deeply engaged in thought; and gave an answer not at all to the purpose. 'What is the matter with thee, Omar?' said the sage. Omar sighed; considered a little, and then related to him the whole affair. The old man smiled, looked at them both; and stroking Zemira's cheek, said, 'I thank thee, Zemira, for loving Omar so well.' Omar still intreated, in the presence of the Sage, for a kiss; and she at length promised him one as soon as the street, in which his palace stood, should be better paved. Omar hastened to Bagdat, obtained permission of the Calif, hired paviors, took upon himself the chief inspection, employed himself and forgot his dissatisfaction. In two months he returned, and claimed Zemira's first kiss. In like manner he was likewise obliged to do something to deserve a second, a third, and so on. And three years after his first declaration of love, Ze-

mira became his wife. He learnt of Zemira to enjoy more and more the goods of the earth; blessed the Eternal, praised his destiny, and forebore to examine into things inscrutable to mortal eye. Zemira had now been ten years his spouse, and still he knew not all her charms. He often asked for more than she gave him; was importunate, and even unreasonable; but Zemira said to him "Abstain and enjoy." Omar kissed her hand and was silent. Omar abstained and enjoyed, and was content.

ON CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

We extract the following from the eighth edition of a work, published in London, in the year of our Lord 1766. We think the advice, it contains, not improper for the young ladies of New-England, in the year of our Lord 1820. If any think it too old fashioned, they are at liberty to disregard it; and abide the consequences.

The chief things to be regarded in the choice of a husband, are a virtuous disposition, a good understanding, an even temper, an easy fortune, and an agreeable person. Ask any lady, if she would either receive, or recommend to her friend's acquaintance, a husband without these accomplishments, and her answer will be—None but a fool, or a mad woman would; yet, how many of the fair sex throw themselves away, upon what the speculative world calls *PRETTY FELLOWS*, who want courage, honour, sincerity, and every amiable virtue? How many are sacrificed to the riches of an illiterate drone, or an old debauchee?

The first motives, that strike the inclination of a prudent young lady, for changing her condition, are good sense, beauty, and riches; but then, she is strictly to examine what excellences recommend a man most to a deliberate choice. These she will find to be, virtue, sedateness, good-humour, sobriety, constancy, and a similitude of manners. When the men are equal, reason and self-preservation will direct her to give the preference to the man of wealth; but if she has choice of several who are equal in their other pretensions, certainly he of best understanding is to be preferred. Riches cannot purchase excellent talents, or worthy endowments; wherefore, good qualities, with an easy fortune, and an agreeable person, are preferable to the riches and honours of a rake, a fop, a profligate, a miser, a blockhead.

She that for a title gives her hand without her heart, may expect a life more incumbered with vexations than pleasure. It is ill judged, to be delighted with the thoughts of being great, or to marry a rich man in expectation of it; love has nothing to do with state. Solitude, if rightly considered, with a companion, loving and beloved, is allowed, even by our sex, to have a pleasure, infinitely beyond all the pomp, and grandeur of insipid or vexatious wedlock.

Nothing but the good qualities of the person beloved, can be a foundation for a love of judgment and discretion; so that a young lady ought to regard merit, more than any thing else, in the person who makes his applications to her. By men of merit, I do not mean those of great abilities, exalted genius, or deep learning; so much as men of good sense, good nature, probity, industry, constancy, courage, and honour. Men endowed with these qualities, look upon their wives with love, joy and gratitude, and think themselves obliged to supply their imperfections with good nature, provided they meet with equal returns of love. Such men take pleasure in contriving the happiness of their wives, and in laying out their invention, to form a variety of conversation, new diversions, and amusements for them; while the wives, with the eyes of fondness, rejoice in the approbation of all the words, and actions, of their tender help-mates.

It is obvious here to believe, that a prudent choice cannot be made, without a deliberate enquiry into a man's principles and qualifications.

When the first heats of curiosity are abated, virtue and good-nature not only raise, but continue love, and make the united persons always amiable to each other; but whoever expects to be happy in a husband, without these qualities, will find herself widely mistaken.

I would advise a friend of mine, to consult the temper, as much as any quality. Of all disparities, that of humour makes the most unhappy marriages. There are many unequally, and unhappily, matched with persons of certain turns in temper; who, with those of contrary ones, might probably live easy and contented. Every one's experience furnishes instances of this. Hence it appears reasonable to suppose, that a short courtship is not the safest; hasty marriages have

long repentance. You cannot be too inquisitive and discerning, in the foibles of him, who makes proposals of marriage; for, after the knot is tied, blemishes in humour may be discovered, which perhaps before were not suspected.

If you bring your reason to support your liking to any particular man, you will consider him as subject to all the calamities both of body and mind. Before you bring yourself to a resolution on marriage, you ought to be prepared for every incident in that state; to be a parent, a friend, a lover, and physician. Frequently enquire of your own heart, whether you could, at all events, through all dangers, disappointments, disgrace, and afflictions, stick close to that man, whom you design for your husband. Without a well digested canvassing of this, never give your hand. When once joined in sacred marriage, quit all persons, and things, for your husband, but your God.

HENRY AND CHARLOTTE.

Under the mastership of the celebrated Busby, there was a boy, at Westminster school, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Henry, equally esteemed by his masters for the brilliancy of his talents, and beloved by his school-fellows for the various excellent qualities of his mind, and the sweetness of his disposition. Before he had risen very high in school, he conceived a passion for a young lady in the neighbourhood—eminently beautiful, and differing from him in character, only as the natural delicacy and softness of her sex added a charm to every perfection of her lover. From the many interviews they had had, the flame, which at first fired his bosom, quickly became mutual; and they already indulged themselves in romantic ideas of celebrating their nuptials, when they scarce knew what love was, but from the fluttering it caused in each of their tender breasts. Two years were now elapsed, since they had declared their flame to each other. Henry had long pleaded his love to his dear Charlotte, with all the force a sincere and daily increasing passion could inspire him with. Marriage was what they both looked up to; but impossibilities dimmed the prospect; and though he loved her with a tenderness, which nought but virtuous motives can implant, yet still his desires tended to that point of bliss which noth-

ing but privilege of marriage can give sanction to.

His father (it seems) having long observed the close intimacy which existed between our hero and this amiable girl, and fearful of the consequence, (namely, marriage) as she had no fortune, resolved to separate them in the hastiest manner possible. Accordingly, he purchased him an ensigncy in a regiment, just going abroad; and paying little regard to his son's disapprobation of a military life, sent him off to Jersey. This precaution, however proved fruitless; for Henry, as soon as he was acquainted with his father's cruel determination, having obtained Charlotte's full consent, had their marriage consummated, unknown to any of his friends; and as his regiment was detained in England, by unforeseen delays, a much longer time than was expected, he found means to pass the greater part of his time in her company. I shall pass over the tender scene which took place at their parting; suffice it to say, that never was a picture of grief displayed in more natural and affecting colours, than what this interview exhibited. With difficulty, he dissuaded her from the earnest desire she had of accompanying him, but he knew the dangers of the voyage, and the difficulties a woman is exposed to in a camp, too well to comply with her request. All he had to console her with was, an assurance of the most speedy return he could obtain.

Before he had been six months in Jersey, he received the news of her being brought to bed of a son. Since she had last seen her dear Henry, her constancy had been put to the trial by a thousand pressing calamities. Just after he had set sail, she felt a severe shock in the loss of a kind and affectionate mother, her only surviving parent; and was now left an helpless orphan, exposed to all the dangers of the wide world, deprived of every comfort of life, and nearly destitute of all its necessities. Her mother, being the relict of a colonel, had with some economy, made shift to support herself and daughter in a genteel manner, on her pension; but this dropt at her death; and poor Charlotte, who, either from the too great indulgence or the pride of her parents, had not been brought up to any business, was now reduced to the desperate alternative of either starving, or maintaining herself by the most wretched trade her sex is ac-

quainted with. Happily an old school-fellow of Henry's, learning the distressed state of her circumstances, flew to her assistance, with all the ardour the thought of relieving his friend's dearer half could inflame him with, and saved her from the rigour of a death she no ways merited, and which had long appeared to her inevitable. Shortly after this timely rescue, she received the following letter from her Henry.

"MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,

Judge my happiness, on hearing that heaven has blest us with a token of our love! That he may resemble his mother in every thing, is the only boon I crave now for him;—but I change my joy to a note of sorrow! The pernicious effects of this climate have inflicted on me an illness, which I fear I never shall get over. Life, however, is a burden to me, while thou art absent, nor could I have held it out thus long, but that I support myself on the prospect of that bliss, which will, I hope, crown the rest of our years, should I ever return to thee. I live, I breathe but for thee; and fear not death, but as it shall snatch thee from me: but there is a place, a paradise, where we shall one day meet—to part no more!—Farewel! May heaven shed its choicest blessings on thee, and thy infant, and render you both happy, as it made thee good!"

Equally alarmed at the severity of her Henry's disorder, and charmed with the sincerity of his passion, she resolved to set sail in quest of him. Accordingly, supplied by the kindness of his friend, with every thing requisite for her voyage, she went on board a transport, bound for the place of her husband's destination; but the bitterest scene of her affliction remained as yet unaccomplished; all those flattering images of joy, which the thought of quickly seeing her Henry had presented to her, were suddenly over-clouded by a storm, which intercepted them in their passage. After every exertion of the crew had proved vain, they were driven to the last resource; and fired the signal of distress. This was instantly answered by another ship, which had long been near, but, from the darkness which reigned around, without the knowledge of either. It was, however, too late to save their vessel: the leak, which had so long distressed

them, now took in so fast, that it was impossible to keep her above water; and just as the ship made up to her, she sunk. Her long-boat, stowed full, was now approaching the side of the ship, when a cruel wave snatched it under, and Charlotte, with her dear infant close clasped to her breast, floated at the mercy of a stormy sea. (Must I stop my reader to tell him, that Henry, having procured leave of absence, was returning in the other ship?) He had long fixed his eyes on the boat, struck with the beauty of his unknown wife. Unable any longer to be witness to such a scene of distress, without taking an active part in it, he plunged in at the hazard of his own life, and catching her as she rose on the back of a billow, bore her to his own ship's boat. But what were his feelings, when he beheld the face of his Charlotte! Her benumbed arm had dropped its tender charge. The horror of her distress had deprived her cheeks of their roseate hue; and plundered her ruby lips of all their melting beauties. Dead was the lustre of her glossy eye, and cold her lily hand. He pressed her to his breast, in the agonies of despair; and strove to recal her affrighted spirits to their gay abode. She at length awoke almost from the shades of death; but seeing her Henry's face, shrieked astonishment, and sunk into his arms, a breathless corse!

RELIGIOUS EXTRACTS.

The principles of religion exalt our virtues and adjust their measures infinitely better than any human institutions were ever able to do; and there is so great a grace and authority in virtue, that it never fails to attract the esteem, even of those, that are most abandoned to vice and immorality; so that religion, by its own authority, and the reasonable force of it, is sufficient to establish its empire in the mind of any thinking person.

The spirit of a religious man will sustain his infirmity: but what terrible prospect of wretchedness is opened to a guilty, dissolute, and irreligious mind? What dreadful scenes of inquietude does it wander through, and how numberless are the thorns and stings, that obstruct its passage? Whoever asks an immoral man a proper question makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

ALBERTO AND SERENA.

Nought but joy was known in the sweet vale of B——, where, in a humble cottage, dwelt the happy pair, Alberto and Serena. Sorrow seemed to have passed this vale in her journey round the world, and the contents of Pandora's box had not yet reached it. Blessed with a family of smiling, rosy-cheeked children, contented with their lot, and each loving and beloved by the other, no bliss on earth could have been more perfect than theirs.

One night as Alberto returned from his fields, he perceived a man on horseback riding at full speed; but as he passed his cottage the horse took fright, and threw his rider. Alberto hastened to the spot, and found that in his fall the stranger had broken his leg. As there was no surgeon within three or four miles, he took him into the cottage, and left him to the care of the humane Serena, while he procured a horse to go for one. The stranger lay for some time insensible to all around him; but at length opened his eyes on the anxious Serena, who still supported his head. 'Where—where am I?' exclaimed he, fiercely starting; but he could not rise; 'am I among friends or enemies? Thy looks, sweet woman, tell me among friends; but till I hear from thy lips where I am, I must still be suspicious.' Serena assured him he was with those who would do for him all that lay in their power. 'Thank you, thank you,' cried he, 'I have not of late been used to the voice of kindness, more especially from one of your sex. But have you no one in the house to send for a surgeon?' At this moment Alberto appeared at the door, and directly after him the surgeon. The stranger seemed much agitated when he heard the horses approach the door, and his hand was prepared to snatch a dagger, which hung from his girdle, if there had been occasion to use it. The surgeon set the bone, and assured him that, as it was only a simple fracture, if kept still it would soon heal. 'But whence came you,' said Alberto, 'why were you in such haste?' 'O, ask me not now,' said the stranger, 'at some future period I will relate to you my history: let it suffice for the present when I say I am both able and willing to re-

ward you for what trouble or expence you may be at: and I beg you will permit me to remain here, till I hear from my friends, or till I am sufficiently recovered to finish my journey alone.' 'Surely,' said the unsuspecting Alberto, 'you shall be welcome to remain here as long as you can content yourself with our humble fare. But now you had better take a little rest.' 'Not until I have written a letter or two to my friends, for I am desirous of hearing from them as soon as possible.' Alberto procured him pen, ink, and paper, and left the room; but had not been long absent when he heard a shriek, and on entering the room again, found the stranger had fainted. Alberto and Serena soon revived him: but he seemed so feverish, that Alberto sat up with him the remainder of the night. He slept very little, and Alberto thought something lay heavy on his heart, by his frequent reveries and as frequent sudden starts from them.

In the morning, Alberto left the apartment to get a little rest; but the stranger's mutterings during his broken slumbers had made him uneasy; he knew not why, but he thought he was not safe while under the same roof. Before night, the stranger had become delirious. The surgeon was again sent for who soon declared his life in danger. He remained at his bed-side till morning; but during the night he had but few rational intervals.

In the morning, he seemed more composed, and the surgeon told him that his earthly career was nearly finished. 'God have mercy on my guilty soul, then,' cried the patient, in accents of despair. 'Are there no hopes for me, cannot I live to comfort my poor parent in his old age, and be the son I formerly was to him? O, I have murdered one parent by my unfilial treatment of her: then grant, O Heaven, that I may live to ask forgiveness of my remaining one.' He then relapsed into his former ravings, and soon his sublunary pilgrimage was over.

Alberto immediately set off for the justice of the village; and on his return with him examined his papers, and found that he died possessed of property of a large amount: among his papers were some of his reflections on his ill-spent life. The following was one of the first which attracted their attention:—'Is it possible that I, who had so many bright pros-

pects before me, can have come to this? I have been the sole hope and joy of my fond parents—the affectionate lover—ah that is the rock on which I split! For her I loved, I gave up every thing else, even the love of my parents—and what am I now? O God! my appearance shows too plainly what I am. Forsaken by her whom I loved beyond all things, for whom I gave up all things—I have plunged deep into guilt. Dissipation, damned seducer! thou didst open thy arms to receive me; I have thrown myself into them, and have nothing left but death. But self murder—I cannot reflect—Hell cannot inflict greater miseries on my guilty soul, than those I now endure'—Here he seemed to have been interrupted, and withdrawn from his purpose.

There were also concealed about him many letters, from pirates, of a party of which he had become the captain; and to whose resort, on the sea-coast he was repairing when the accident happened. By the signatures and direction of the letters and papers, Alberto found him to be Edgar St. Clair, his cousin, whom he had long supposed dead. St. Clair's father, to whom he had referred in his paper, had long been dead, and Alberto found himself the sole heir of all his property.

But still he would not leave the vale where he had enjoyed so many pleasant hours with his Serena, and they still dwell there blest by the poor, and respected by all who know them.

"And only kindred souls can bear

The smiling peace that slumbers here;

None but the pure in spirit dare

Gaze on a scene to Heaven so near."

J. Q. V.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

ON VERSIFICATION.

Mr. Goss,—I am a young lady, just returned home from an academy. Flattering myself that I had some taste and even some talent for poetry; I attempted several pieces in verse, which were well received by my instructors. My verses were all measured into equal numbers of syllables by my fingers; and when my preceptor or preceptress examined them, they ascertained the merit or demerit of my versification, in the same way.

My young cousin, who is a sophomore at college, lately came to pay us a visit, and being a versifier, thinks himself also a poet, and a judge of the true mode of measuring English verse, and insists on it, that we ought to measure poetical lines by the ear, and not by the fingers. Thus the following line, which I write thus:—

"The gen'ral fav'rite, as the gen'ral friend," which you perceive at once makes precisely ten syllables; he insists upon writing thus:—

"The general favourite, as the general friend."

thereby making thirteen syllables in the line.

He says something, in justification of his theory, about "*quantity being the time taken up in pronouncing a syllable*;" about "two short syllables taking only the same time to pronounce, as one long one;" and several things of a similar nature, which I do not, at present, comprehend. He insists that pronouncing the above, as he writes it, makes it much more harmonious, than when pronounced after my manner of writing it. He quotes the first line in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*,—

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."

which I should write, and measure thus;

"Sweet Auburn, lovli'st village of the plain."

So in the first line of Milton's *Paradise Lost*,—

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit."

I should write *disobedi'nce* or *disobed'ence*.

Now, as we cannot either of us convince the other of being in an error, we have agreed to submit the matter to you, or some of your critical correspondents for a decision.

Yours, &c.

CAROLINA SCRIBBLE.

We must inform our fair correspondent, that, so far as we are *versed* in poetry, her cousin's mode appears much preferable to hers, in our *eyes*—and *ears* too.

Editor.

We extract the following article from the first number of a literary publication in Georgetown, District of Columbia, issued tri-weekly, called the "*Metropolitan*;" a work which appears to be characterised by no ordinary merit. The article however

which we transcribe is declared by the editor to have been previously published in some other journal; and is supposed to emanate from the pen of Paul Allen, Esq. Be this as it may, no one can doubt, who reads it, that the misanthropic character of Byron is here pretty justly delineated.

LORD BYRON.

This strange, excentric and wayward character has been amongst all ranks and classes the theme of conversation, of remarks, of review, of alternate censure and applause. His wonderful genius, it is much to be lamented, has given a sort of consecration to all the errors of his life. When we compare his earliest publications with his latest, we shall find every sentiment and opinion advanced in the former, with the exception of his infidelity, deliberately abandoned. He formerly reproached Walter Scott for writing for hire, and now this peer of the realm follows his example. He formerly censured the editors of the *Edinburgh review* in terms of immeasurable asperity: after the revolution of a few years, he asks forgiveness of these very men, and takes them to his confidence and to his friendship. He formerly wielded his pen in behalf of the English ministry, and his name is now enrolled amongst the most vindictive of their assailants. He formerly declared that the idol of his heart was slumbering in the grave and that his own affections were intombed in the same sepulchre. Yet after this solemn pledge and declaration have been given, he loves, or at least marries, and as if to round the circle of contradictions, abandons the wife of his bosom. How shall such inconsistencies such almost anomalies, in the human character be accounted for! Perhaps they may be explained in this manner: the passions of the moment are the deities he worships. Led on by fanatic impulse, he follows those blind guides, careless whither they lead him, whether over mountain or moor, and as long as their dominion lasts, never stops or pauses to inquire whither he is going. The deity, or rather the demon of the hour, has the sole and exclusive possession of his soul—After the reign of this transitory tyrant is abolished, he is succeeded by another demon. Lord Byron is an example, and an awful example of dreadful slavery, that a man is doomed to undergo, who resigns

himself to the sway of his own passions—he is never himself, and it would be no paradox to assert that he does not know what his opinions are. The transitory passions that take alternately the possession of his soul constitute his only guide. Divine Providence, as if to leave a standing mark of ignominy which attends servitude to the passions, has bestowed on their present victim all the brilliancy of genius. This heaven illuminated lamp shines in the hands of this madman with its brightest lustre. Thousands and thousands behold and admire the radiance of the beams, while the frantick possessor of the lamp runs wild as if he were driven by the furies. This lamp is not a guiding light—it is shaken by an unconscious hand, by one unconscious of the value of such a gift. Whether Lord Byron will still continue his impetuous career, is a question known only to the Deity; but we think the probability is THAT HE WILL REFORM. Passions so intense as those that agitate the bosom of lord Byron must be transitory—they burn too fiercely to remain of long duration. Should the term of his life be extended to the ordinary age of man, these passions must abate their vehemence. He will then see and lament his mad career—but what will repentance avail! The gift of heaven—the lamp of his genius will shew to thousands yet unborn all the deformities of his character—every step and stage of his frenzied career. After these moral volcanoes have burnt out, we may hope that the lava may yet become productive. But if Divine Providence should in the hour of his reformation and amendment resume his gift—if he should remove "the lamp from its place," what must then be the sensation of the reformed prodigal after his return to his father's house?

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

LEARNED LANGUAGES.

Mr. Goss,—I find, from one of your late numbers, that you are an advocate for the study of what are called "the learned languages." In favour of the Latin, I would add to what your correspondent has stated, that a thorough knowledge of it lays the best foundation for a knowledge of what is called "universal or philosophical grammar." It renders the attainment of the living languages, in the south of Europe, easy and delightful.

The necessity of fostering a knowledge of the Greek must be apparent to every reflecting christian. This is the language, which our Saviour chose, as the medium of his divine communications. Every living language, into which it has been or will be translated, is constantly liable to change. Some words are, by common consent, changing from their antient meaning, others are growing obsolete. This is so true, as it respects our common English translation, that were it not for the commentaries of learned men, who are acquainted with the original, many passages would be wholly misunderstood if not injuriously perverted.

Though the old testament is not generally considered by christians, by any means, so important, as the new, yet I cannot help thinking a knowledge of the original Hebrew an *essential* attainment for every divine, who pretends to the character of a "scribe well instructed."

But what I have principally in view, in this communication, is to recommend to ladies of fortune and literary taste, in this country, the study of at least the Latin and Greek. As they vie with their transatlantic sisters, in talents, virtue and piety, so I hope the time is not distant, when they will equal them in literary attainments. As one New-England lady has already arrived at the honour of being called in Europe, the Hannah More of America, so I hope ere long we shall boast our Barbauds, and Daciers, and many others of equal celebrity.

Yours, &c.

ALPHA BETA.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

NITROUS OXIDE.

MR. Goss,—I observed in your paper of 29th Jan. a communication concerning the effects of the *Nitrous oxide* at the Museum; in which the writer inferred that its effects on the second person indicated "stupidity" of character. We regret that such a communication should have been made, and infer that the author must be rather destitute of *human feeling*. For even if stupidity were indicated in the person who respired it, it were very ungenerous to spread it before the eyes of himself, his friends, and the public. But I am far from an opinion that the inference was in any degree correct. Although the *Nitrous oxide*

is said to be a developer of real character, yet it is known to effect people according to the state they are in at the time. The person alluded to, had been nearly without sleep for two nights previous, in consequence of the late fire. To sleep, then, was the tendency of the system developed by inspiring the gas. Nor is it uncommon for other stimulants, in certain states of the system, to produce sleep. I am not acquainted with the person alluded to, but am informed that he is an ingenious enterprising young man, possessed of a good degree of vivacity.

The account of the effects of the several inspirations was, in general, correct. The words of the Lecturer himself, when under its influence, appeared to result from his peculiar aversion to the improper exercise of temper—they were nearly as follows,—"I despise temper,—I despise temper, especially in a woman. For if a man cannot be at peace at home, in his own house, where, on earth, is there a place for him?—If I have a woman and she makes me the subject of her anger"—here the spell left him. These words were uttered with a sublime and deliberate force, I should think, beyond the power of any person under ordinary circumstances.

AN OBSERVER.

REVIEW.

FAZIO, OR THE ITALIAN WIFE.

It is perhaps a little remarkable that of the few successful dramatic writers of the present day, two of them are avowedly clergymen; one of whom we believe has been compelled in consequence to relinquish his parochial situation in Ireland, and the other, if we may rely on a recent production from the same pen, is in the exercise of his clerical attainments. Happy would it have been for the former if the impulses of a powerful imagination had been employed in the cause of virtue and justice, in the delineation of noble deeds and generous and laudable exertions, in the denunciation of vice, and in the support of morality. He would then have fled from the villainous haunts, and dark intentions of men, whose only purposes were inhumanity, and whose characters were crimsoned in blood! He would have fled from such beings as from a pestilence; and he would have disdained to indulge from his very soul in those impious declarations which

have fixed an almost indelible stain on his literary character. He would in this instance have realized the sublime consolation of the author of "Douglas," who although he was suspended from his devout avocations through the instrumentality of Bigots, and thrust penniless on the world, had not written any thing which "dying he would wish to blot." The association of Pirates and Outlaws destitute of the least spark of principle and honour, but controlling at will the best affections of the heart, and held up as a model of unalterable love and constancy, are beings from which every amiable feeling must revolt, and behold only with just indignation. Unnatural in the extreme as such descriptions are considered, equally at war with the ordinary course of human existence and the results of human investigation, it is indeed to be deplored, that genius and talent of the most promising character should be prostituted to their display, and in the face of all that deserves to be cherished, permitted to exercise an unhallowed domination.

These remarks, however, are by no means applicable to the production which it is our object briefly to review; they were forced on us by the intellectual relation which the writers bear to each other as Clergymen, and which the known character of him on whom we have animadverted, irresistibly awakened in our minds.

In perusing the Tragedy of "Fazio, or the Italian Wife," by the Rev. H. H. Millman, which has been recently introduced on the English and American stage, we believed some observations with regard to its literary importance, as well a summary relation of the story itself, might not be unprofitably made known to the readers of this publication; in doing which we will commence with the latter.

Fazio is originally represented to us as an Alchymist in search of the Philosopher's stone, to obtain which seems to be the darling and only object of his imagination. He is the husband of Bianca, the Heroine, and the father of children who seem destined to endure the grasp of penury, but with whom time glides smoothly on amid the love of knowledge; for though "poor, yet in the wealth of love they are eastern Sultans." In the midst of his lowly condition he cannot but contrast it with the afflu-

ence and misery of a sordid wretch called "Burtolo; the description of whom is so exquisitely delineated, that we transcribe it below. Bianca says of him on being interrogated by her husband whether she knew the miser, "O yes, yes.

That yellow wretch, that looks as he were stained

With watching his own gold; every one knows him

Enough to loath him. Not a friend hath he, Nor kindred nor familiar; not a slave; Not a lean starving wench: nothing e'er enter'd

But his spare self within his jealous doors, Except a wandering rat; and that they say, Was famine-struck, and died there.

Fazio. Yet he, Bianca, he is of our rich ones, There's not a galliot on the sea, but bears A venture of Bartolo's; not an acre, Not a villa of our proudest princes, But he hath cramp'd it with a mortgage; he He only, stocks our prisons with his debtors. I saw him creeping home last night; he shudder'd

As he unlock'd his door, and look'd around, As if he thought that every breath of wind Were some keen thief; and when he lock'd him in,

I heard the grating key turn twenty times, To try if all were safe. I look'd again From our high window by mere chance, and saw

The motion of his scanty moping lantern; And, where his wind-rent lattice was ill stuff'd

With tatter'd remnants of a money bag, Through cobwebs and thick dust I spied his face,

Like some dry wither-boned anatomy Through a large chest lid, jealously and scantily

Uplifted, peering upon coin and jewels, Ingots and wedges, and broad bars of gold, Upon whose lustre the wand light shone mud-dily,

His ferret eyes gloated as wanton o'er them, As a gross satyr on a sleeping nymph; And then, as he heard something like a sound, He clapp'd the lid to, and blew out the lantern.

But I, Bianca, hurried to thine arms, And, thank'd my God that I had braver riches."

Here the tenderness of Bianca earnestly enjoins him to abandon his delusive expectations of Philosophy, to destroy "those ugly and misshapen jars and vials" whose "wondrous alchymy" he had hoped would "make

iron start forth brilliant gold" and "at least to night, be only hers." He then expresses his ardent affection for his wife, who declares in reply that—

"Such a musical and learned phrase Had soften'd the marchesa Aldabella, That high Signora, who once pamper'd thee Almost to madness with her rosy smiles; And then my lady queen put on her winter, And froze thee till thou wert a very icicle, Had not the lowly and despised Bianca Shone on it with the summer of her pity."

It seems the Lady Aldabella notwithstanding her extreme beauty and nobility, does not sustain a high rank in Bianca's estimation; who perhaps induced by jealousy over her husband denominates "a proud loose wanton." This opinion, however, is speedily retorted by Fazio whose favourable estimation of her appears undiminished, while Bianca's tenderness is severely lacerated by the declaration; as a recompence for which he renews his expression of attachment to the latter, bids her "good night" for a time—when she goes out, and leaves him in full enjoyment of his grand contemplations.

To be continued.

THE JEWS.

Mr. Noah, of New-York, Editor of the National Advocate, has petitioned the Legislature of that State, to sell him Grand Island, on the river Niagara, at the Canadian frontier, to found a Jewish Colony. A Committee of the Legislature have reported in favour of the petition, remarking, however, that the State could not recognize in an exclusive manner, any religious sect in the sale. A bill has accordingly been brought in to authorize an appraisement of the island and its sale to Mr. Noah. One 8th of the purchase money to be advanced, and the remainder to be paid in several annual instalments, secured by bond and mortgage.

THE SEASON.

It has been suggested (says the New-York Daily Advertiser,) by old people, that very severe winters occur in this country once in forty years. Persons are living who recollect the winter of 1739—40, which was one of that character. The winter of 1779—80 is well remembered, and has ever been considered as unrivalled for a long

series of years. This winter closes another period of forty years; and has disclosed some symptoms of fulfilling the expectations of those who believe in the regular returns of the above period to be of the description mentioned.

SAVANNAH FIRE.

A large and respectable committee has been appointed, selected from the several wards in this town, to solicit subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers by the late desolating fire in Savannah. Bostonians need only to hear of distress to insure their powerful exertions for the mitigation of it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We hope that many students, in our schools, academies and colleges, will imitate J. B. both in the elegance of their compositions, and in sending them to us for publication.

ESSEX is thanked for his communications and requested to furnish more. We have reserved one of his favours for our next.

J. Q. V. is respectfully solicited to favour us with additional productions. We also solicit the further aid of the contributor of OMAR.

The piece, signed E. R. Y. we are persuaded is spurious. The genuine E. R. Y. who favoured us with several communications for a former publication, we should be extremely happy to recognize as a contributor to this.

Several subscribers, at a distance, appear not to understand the conditions, on which our paper is published, viz. *three dollars, in advance*, which will entitle them to fifty two numbers, and postage to be paid by themselves.

Theatre.—On Monday Eve. Feb. 14, will be presented the WHEEL OF FORTUNE and ZEMBUCA.

MARRIED.

In this town, Mr. Oliver Farnsworth to Miss Mary Jackson.

DIED.

In Georgetown, Col. Dist. John Lathrop, Esq. son of the late Revd. Dr. Lathrop of this town. His writings, both in prose and verse, have done much honour to their author and his country.

At sea, Jan. 12, Captain Randolph Goodwin of this town.

In this town, Miss Catharine Greenleaf Emmons.

Widow Sarah Mandeville, aged 81.—Ebenezer Rhodes Burditt, aged 13.—Hon. JONATHAN SMITH, member of the House of Representatives from Springfield.—Miss Mary Peck, aged 80.—John B. Stearns, 37 months.

In Barnard, Vt. on the 26th ult. Mr. Joshua Snow, formerly of this town, aged 47 years.

Deaths in New-York, in 1819—3176.—Population 129,000.

POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

ACROSTICK

Is a species of writing, to which we are not very partial; but death has been written on, ever since it entered our world, and it is next to impossible to find a new idea on the subject. We are, therefore, of opinion, that it is not wholly an improper or unprofitable employment, occasionally to interweave even trite sentiments with the initials of the name of the deceased. Under this impression, we insert the following, not doubting, that it will be acceptable to the numerous surviving friends and acquaintance of him, who is the subject of it—*Ed.*

Justice will own, that genius bright
On him had shed a brilliant light.
Heaven gave a heart, by virtue sway'd,
Nurtur'd by pure religion's aid.

Long will true taste repeat his lays;
America long sound his praise.
Truth o'er his grave reclines and weeps,
Honour stands mourning where he sleeps.
Reader, while you his death bewail,
O'er all his faults throw candour's veil—
Persuaded that we all are frail.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

THE SHIPWRECK OF THE MIND.

Blow, blow, ye winds, ye deep-ton'd thunders roll,
Let lightnings flash and tempests rend the air,
Ye elements contend without control,
And hurl the oaks, nor let thy fury spare!

Bid ocean's billows kiss the darkened sky,
'Till nature's fabric in one ruin lie!

Let envy twine her snaky arms around—
Malice and slander hurl their poisoned darts,
And fell misfortune, with her train be found,
To break "pandora's box" ere she departs.

All, all, are peace and harmony combin'd,
Compar'd with this, "the shipwreck of the mind."
ESSEX.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

ACADEMIC VALEDICTION.

Thou "home of my fathers" how soon shall I greet thee,
And rest in thy bosom, no longer to rove;

Already, in fancy with rapture I meet thee,
And press in my fondness the friends, whom I love.

How often has memory look'd back on my childhood,
And mus'd on the fears and the hopes of a mother!
When tender was life, as the flower of the wild wood,
And existence depended on care of another.

But childhood is vanish'd, like mist of the morning,
And youth on light pinions is flitting away;
And soon will the fervour, our manhood adorning,
Be chill'd by the bleak winds of age's decay.

How few are the short, rolling months of our glory,
How soon the frail bands of our nature are broken!
We soon are forgotten in posthumous story,
And leave nought behind, save the tomb for a token.

But, Fancy, why ro'ast thou in fields of the future,
While Memory, thy sister, looks back on the past?
And Reason, why stood'st thou, alone, a mere neuter?
And Hope too—thy visions with clouds are o'er-cast.

How thickens the tempest of dark-rolling sorrow,
How swift speeds the moment our friendship to sever!
And quickly the dawn of another to-morrow,
Will whisper to many "we part now forever."

But no! there's a region o'er life's troubled ocean,
And virtue's fair bark shall repose in its haven,
Where tempests of sorrow, and trouble's commotion,
Ne'er reach those immortals, whose sins are forgiven.

And there, where the sound of "farewell" is unknown,
Where tears never flow at the parting adieu;
When nature dissolves and our spirits have flown,
O may I, enraptur'd, again meet with you.
J. B.

TO FANCY,

O Fancy! leave my fluttering heart,
Nor thus romantic hopes impart;
Be kinder to the breast of youth,
And let it's sure repose be truth.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

A MATTER OF FACT.

Some years ago, ere yet the glorious plan
Was laid for benefit of man;
Ere the society took its rise,
Which checks intemperance and vice;
Whose members never drink nor give away,
Whene'er there's any thing to pay,
Who will not join in patriotic toast,
Save on free cost;
Who will, 'tis hop'd, endeavour to suppress
Eating, as well as drinking to excess:
Before this temperate era, when
Women would sometimes tittle with the men,
A friend call'd with his friend to dine,
And found the side-board loaded up with wine,
Brandy and rum, of lemons too a bunch,
And all materials, fit for making punch.
"Come," says the caller, with a hearty shake
O' the hand, "what will you take?
Here's wine and brandy,
You see, both handy,
Or if you would prefer
A glass of punch, 'tis quickly made."
"I thank you, sir,"
The caller said;
I like all three; so I'll be taking
Brandy and wine, while you the punch are making."
MIDDLESEX.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

ANECDOTE.

Old Harvard long hath stood—and in't
Once liv'd the famous tutor *Flint*.
On undergraduate catalogue,
Stood *Steel* and *Cotton*, *Trott* and *Fogg*.

It seems that, in those former days,
Some pupils follow'd crooked ways;
That is, would drink and make a noise,
Like some more modern college boys:
And, when they got "half o'er the bay,"
Would homeward take a zigzag way.

One night, *Steel*, *Cotton*, *Trott* and *Fogg*,
Attempted homeward thus to jog,
When they were met by father *Flint*,
Who gave *Steel* an ungentle hint,
That for this row, he did not like him,
But had a serious mind to strike him.

Steel cries, "hold, hold,—*Flint* strikes *steel*,
Ignition *cotton* soon must feel;
And the whole four must quickly mog,
And trot away beneath a fog."

The tutor laughing at the pun,
Forgave them for their foolish fun,
And to their rooms unfin'd they run.